

BY JEREMY L. GRAYE.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE MOORISH CAPTIVE

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BY H. M. BRAYN.

CHAPTER I.

as the epoch of roman

Three were the sentiments of had fought not a few campaigns of Rome, from Britain to the E although they were uttered in a hoarse, uncourtly style, yet his words great weight in the councils, as we in the fight."


Many were the plans submitted

Rodrigo passed into
was busy life, happy
time sufficed to select a
array himself, and whic
by its richness and bea
no common personage.

"Key; I gained over the
"He most
gusted the cu
"O yes; a
beautiful pri
"Indeed,
pri; "wha
information

never heard of one victory
an extraordinary warrior," sug-
is withal, said to be a noble and
plied Roderigo, with some sur-
ould have given thee this strange

this, he hastily framed an excuse for the withdrawal of his army a league or two away. The position is now occupied, which could raise a question without observation, as it lay upon the edge of an extensive forest, spreading over the rugged region surrounding it. The change of position was but the work of a few hours, and before the sun was seen above the mountain peaks, the Spanish camp



(Written for The Flag of our Union.)

SPRING.

BY RANDEL BILKINSON.

Joyful spring has come at last,
Flora has resumed her dress;
Benevolent winter now is past,
Nature blooms to life and grace.

Fair and beautiful to view,
Every bud unfolds its stem;
Every flower, its dais and hue,
Is nature's fairest gem.

Bounteous as the morn of life
Is the spring-time of the year;
Which with beauty now is rife,
And triumphs o'er all despair.

How the world's creative touch
How all nature sings for joy!
Gladdening with her vocal music
All that grow, or walk, or fly.

Birds, with cheerful warbling notes,
Rejoice through the green-clad trees;
And the gusty fair winds blow
On the crown, through the leaves.

Life is nature's harmony;
How the cliffs and valleys ring
With the heavenly melody!
With the heavenly melody!

Drefted in shape and form,
Of every tint, and hue, and shade;
Merging from a slight of storm,
With magnificent parade.

Who with buoyant hope and love,
We the bounteous giver have,
New from his shrine above
Pours on us such largesse.

(Written for The Flag of our Union.)
THE SPIRIT LOVERS.
A LEGEND OF THE CHEROKEES.

BY NATHAN ARMS.

Long before the echo of the white man's axe was heard among the Enchanted mountains of Tennessee, there lived and reigned a hoary-headed chieftain of the Cherokee, whose name was Saw-raw-ah, or the Great Whirlwind. For more than half a century had Saw-raw-ah, like the impetuous wind whose name he bore, been foremost in leading the braves of his tribe, alike in war and peace—now on the bloody field of battle, and now over his far-extending hunting-grounds. But the snows of threescore years and ten, at length, had whitened his head. The frost of age had begun to stiffen his limbs. The blood flowed chill in his veins. And the brave but stern old chief no longer felt that he must soon repose with his fathers. Nor was he unwilling to go; for his faith extended beyond the bounds of his grave on the banks of the great Tennessee. Far, far in the West, where the sun goes down to its slumbers, when wearied with shooting his beams all day, he did not doubt that his spirit would join the spirits of the braves who had gone before him, roaming the winds, and pursuing forever the sports of the huntman and warrior, on the shores of the West.

He was not unwilling to go. Two things only remained to be settled, that bound him to life. They were these,—the choice of a worthy successor to lead the Cherokee braves, when the Great Whirlwind had gone; and his marriage of Wana-pa-quin, his beautiful daughter, the child of his age, the loved of his heart. Fair and lovely, indeed, was Wana-pa-quin, the Flame, the dark-eyed, long-haired daughter of the Whirlwind chief; fair and lovely, indeed, was she.

"All truth, and tenderness, and grace,
Though born of the storm, and bred of the chase,
And many of the Cherokee heroes had sought for her hand,—had sought to win her away from the royal wigwam of her father, to grace their own. None, however, but the bravest of the brave had dared to ask for the Flame of the Whirlwind; for alone to such they well knew that the brave but stern old Saw-raw-ah would ever consent to marry the peerless and lovely Wana-pa-quin, the child of his age, the loved of his heart. Fair and lovely, indeed, was Wana-pa-quin, the Flame, the dark-eyed, long-haired daughter of the Whirlwind chief; fair and lovely, indeed, was she.

But how would that gray-headed father regard the choice of his daughter? Would he consent that the son of his age should be away from the Cherokee Plume to grace the house of a Chickasaw chief? No, never. For he had long ago declared to the Cherokee warriors that the one who should show himself bravest and noblest among them, should receive, as a reward of his virtues, the hand of Wana-pa-quin, and moreover become his successor.

Now Kishio, in the closing battle with the Chickasaws, had fought with even greater valor and success than Ko-ko-ag; and the latter began to look, with increasing fear and jealousy, on his rival's chances of gaining the beautiful prize; for he well knew that Kishio stood higher than he in the daughter's esteem, and equally high, at least, in that of the father; and he feared, moreover, that the old chief loved his only child too well to interfere in her choice between two rivals so equally matched. He therefore resolved that no time should be lost in putting the wicked designs of his jealous and revengeful heart into immediate execution.

"If Kishio is gone," he said to himself, "then Ko-ko-ag will be chief; and Kishio must go; but he will never return!"

Now, far to the west of the Cherokee nation, lay the lands of the Chickasaws; and midway between them stretched the favorite hunting-grounds alike of the former and the latter. And the possession of these, or rather what should be considered the boundary line between the possessions of either nation, had given rise to long and terrible wars; but, at length, by the last treaty, the boundary line, beyond which neither tribe should be permitted to hunt, had been definitely settled to the satisfaction of both.

But scarcely a month had expired since the pipe of peace had been smoked, and the sacred treaty established, before Kishio, while on a hunting expedition, had been tomahawked and scalped on the Cherokee side of the boundary line, and Ko-ko-ag, and his companions had borne home the lifeless body and laid it on the ground before the wigwam door of the old Saw-raw-ah.

"Behold! the work of the perfidious Chickasaws!" said Ko-ko-ag, pointing to Kishio's corpse. "Behold, how soon the perfidious Chickasaws have dug up the buried tomahawk—but to bury it again in the head of swift-footed Kishio, the bravest of the brave!" And the brave but stern old chief no longer felt that he must soon repose with his fathers. Nor was he unwilling to go; for his faith extended beyond the bounds of his grave on the banks of the great Tennessee.

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breath of the slumbering wind. Ko-ko-ag paused awhile, and cautiously listened at the side of the open door. A wigwam was dark and still, save the breathing of the unsuspecting sleepers. At length the cloud moved away from over the face of the moon, and her beams shone full on the young man, buried in blissful slumber, in the opposite side of the wigwam. Clutching his tomahawk in one hand, and his scalping-knife in the other, Kishio's avenger entered.

A blood-red shriek, and the fair young dreamer with blood, in the hand of his assassin. But, lo! that shriek has roused the gray-headed Omo. He starts to his feet. Ko-ko-ag would have spared the venerable chief—but his own safety demanded the sacrifice, and again the tomahawk, still hot from the young man's brain, is buried in that of the white-headed Omo. He shrieks, he falls—and back! he terrified young man, but, alas! the murderous tomahawk parts his head to sleep—and forever! Thus the ghost of one crime ever urges the culprit on, like a fury, to the commission of another, and another.

The deed was done. And long before the break of day, Ko-ko-ag was far distant on his homeward journey. The land of the Chickasaws, on the moss at the foot of the wide-spreading oak. Long she reclines, deep-barked in sad and gloomy reflections. At length, however, as the sun went down, falling sleep but for many long nights, she falls into a soft, but dream-haunted slumber.

But of whom did the Flame of the Whirlwind dream? She dreamed of the fair young Cherokee chief; she dreamed that Wono's spirit, more beautiful even than he had appeared to her on the memorable day he gave her the wampum present—she dreamed that Wono came, and sat at her side—that he placed an enchanted necklace around her neck—that he called her his own, the queen of the Chickasaws—and tenderly kissed her. And she smiled and blushed in her dream; but, alas! the next moment the murderous Ko-ko-ag strikes his revengeful tomahawk into the head of her lover! He shrieks, she awakes—and lo, a fair young warrior, even Wono's self, bends lovingly over her.

"Am I still dreaming?" she asks, with a bewildered but admiring gaze at the young warrior. "Art thou not Wono's spirit? Ah, me, that Ko-ko-ag should murder the loved of my soul! But, O Wono, my Wono, my Wono!"

"Wono's self, fair Flame of the Whirlwind!" the young man answers. "The guest of my father, not I, for whom it was intended, received the death-dealing tomahawk of Ko-ko-ag. Nay, more, alas! even gray-headed Omo, my father, and she who bore me, must die at his treacherous hand. And, lo! I am come for revenge!"

"But Kishio," said the maiden, "was murdered—and Ko-ko-ag—"

"Ko-ko-ag," interrupted the young chief, "was his murderer."

"And I, alas!" continued Wana-pa-quin, "am doomed to become the murderer's wife."

"You love him not?"

"I abhor him!"

"Fly, then, to the land of the Chickasaws. Wono loves the Flame of the Whirlwind."

"I will go," she said, and sank on Wono's breast. "But, ah! my father! My father—and Ko-ko-ag, alas!" she continues, pointing to the opposite side of the stream, "behold, they are there! alas!"

The maiden was right; her father and lover stood on the opposite bank, in the deepening twilight.

"Who, and what art thou?" inquired the startled Ko-ko-ag, while his blood ran cold at the sight of the man whom he thought he had murdered.

"I am Wono's spirit," responds the Chickasaw chief, in solemn and terrible tones. "I am Wono's spirit, sent hither by the Great Spirit to revenge the death not only of my gray-headed father and mother, but also of Kishio, who fell by thy murderous hand! I come, thy avenger! Perfidious monster, die!" he said, with an arrow flew, like the vengeance of heaven, and pierced the heart of Ko-ko-ag.

"Snake of a Chickasaw!" mutters the old Saw-raw-ah, seizing the bow and quiver from his fallen companion; "Snake of a Chickasaw, spirit or flesh, who art thou, who hast murdered the noblest and bravest of all the Cherokee warriors—thou shalt none! Leave the Flame of the Whirlwind, and die at his hand!"

The old man said, and the twang of his bow-string was answered by a wild and piercing shriek from the opposite side of the stream. A flash was heard in the waters. A dark thunder-burst suddenly over the glen. Like a second deluge, the impetuous torrent descended from heaven. Flash followed flash; peal rolled on peal. All night the thunder of his reviving voice re-echoed among the Enchanted mountains.

Morn came at length. But where was the Flame of the Whirlwind? where was her Chickasaw lover? Had their spirits repaired together, that night, to their bridal couch in the Isles of the Blest? So sang the Cherokee braves; and so thought the old Saw-raw-ah till the day of his death. And even now, when in the dark night, the rains descend, the lightnings flash, and the thunders roar, it is said that the Spirit of the Whirlwind is seen gliding happily over the glen of the Whirlwind; for dear to their memories still is the spot where their spirits were first united.

Another legend, however, declares that far away in the land of the Chickasaws, there lived and reigned, for years, a chief whose name was Wono; and the name of his beautiful bride was Wana-pa-quin. But whether they lived and reigned in the body, or out of the body—whether on the banks of the Father of Waters, or in the far-off Isles of the Blest, it matters but little; for, since spirits alone—and not gross bodies of flesh and blood—can love—it is equally proper, in either case, to entitle our Cherokee Legend, THE SPIRIT LOVERS.

Never respect men merely for their riches, but rather for their philosophy; if we do not value the sun for its light, but for its use.—Bailly.

Wana-pa-quin rose to obey her father's command, and left the wigwam in silence and sadness.

Now the dwelling of the old Saw-raw-ah stood at the entrance of a narrow glen at the base of the Enchanted mountains, and near the banks of a beautiful stream, which, leaping and foaming down over many a beesting cliff and rocky height, hurried rapidly on to the great Tennessee.

At the farther end of this green, sunny glen, and not more than the eighth of a mile from the wigwam, was one of the most enchanting and fairy-like cascades in the world. Compressed on either side by the dark, gray cliffs of limestone, through which it had worn its way by the friction of ages, the river poured down its never-failing waters over a fall of nearly twenty feet, into a deep, broad basin below, where it rested itself awhile before it continued its journey to the far-off ocean. Overhanging the falls, and on the very brink of the precipice, stood a wide-spreading oak, beneath whose ample shade was the favorite haunt of Wana-pa-quin. In fine, the whole glen was considered as sacred to the family of the Whirlwind chief. None of the tribe, without special permission from their king, were ever allowed to enter its precincts.

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And there, after bathing her eyes and temples in the cooling water, Wana-pa-quin reclines on the moss at the foot of the wide-spreading oak. Long she reclines, deep-barked in sad and gloomy reflections. At length, however, as the sun went down, falling sleep but for many long nights, she falls into a soft, but dream-haunted slumber.

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Never respect men merely for their riches, but rather for their philosophy; if we do not value the sun for its light, but for its use.—Bailly.

Wana-pa-quin rose to obey her father's command, and left the wigwam in silence and sadness.

Now the dwelling of the old Saw-raw-ah stood at the entrance of a narrow glen at the base of the Enchanted mountains, and near the banks of a beautiful stream, which, leaping and foaming down over many a beesting cliff and rocky height, hurried rapidly on to the great Tennessee.

Dexter's Picnic.

A clergyman, who was a bit of a humorist, once took a walk with a party of his friends, and was prided himself much on his ripe humor, and was also addicted to the common trick of depreciating his friends in his own ears. As he passed the nice warm blacut to the reverend gentleman, he said, "they were not very good," the minister took one, looked at it rather dubiously, and replied, "they are not so good as they might be!" The plate was instantly withdrawn, and with heightened color the lady exclaimed, "they are good enough for you!" Nothing further was said about the blacut.

Talking of beer, a couple of gentlemen, the other day, at a public table, got into a rather heated dispute upon a subject that they were both quite ignorant of. A big bull dog snuggled quietly sleeping on the hearth, between them, and began barking furiously. An old gentleman who had been quietly sipping his beverage during the dispute, gave the dog a kick, and exclaimed, "Hold your tongue, you brute, you know no more about it than they do!" The laugh of the table was immediately turned upon the dogs.

It was on the morning of the "Twenty-Second," that a party of thirty or thirty-five friends, which our regiment was lying upon a hill, which the men subsequently christened "Morn's Ridge," waiting for the ball to open. Some of the morning compliments were cast in the shape of a thirteen-inch shell, which buried itself in the earth behind us.

"If the horn devil's exalted old Mike B.—" "Knickerbocker."

A wag was one day speaking of two of his acquaintances who had gone to live in the "Necks," where new comers were usually attacked the first season, with the ague, and said—

"Neither of these two men will be afflicted."

"Why not?" inquired a bystander.

"Because," was the reply, "one of them is too lazy to shake, and the other won't shake unless he gets pay for it."

It seems that names may be affected and even changed by the state of the weather. The late Mr. Sueti, the comic actor, going once to dine about twenty miles from London, and being obliged only to get outside place on the coach, arrived in such a bedraggled state from an incessant rain, and so muffled up in great coats and handkerchiefs, that his next neighbor, on the coach, said, "Are you Sueti?" "No," replied the wag, "I'm dripping!"

A lady the other day asked a young gentleman of her acquaintance—

"Sir, is your wife as pretty as you are?"

He did not care to be complimented at the expense of his wife, so by way of gentle reproach, he blushing replied—

"No, miss, but she has very pretty manners."

No further interrogatories were propounded upon that subject by the lady.

Mr. John Brown says he called in at a neighbor's, and was urged to take tea, which he did, the old lady, who had been waiting for him, said, "Mr. Brown, you will not make out a supper; you have eaten nothing; do eat some more." After he stepped out, she said to her next neighbor to her husband, "Why, I declare, I shouldn't think Mr. Brown had eaten anything for a month."

A letter from St. Petersburg states that at a grand dinner given to Mlle. Rachel, by the actors of the imperial guard, one of them proposed as a toast, "To our next meeting in France, where we shall drink champagne to the health of our great artist." To this the actress is said to have replied, "I wish my dear sisters—champagne is good for prisoners."

We remember of hearing of an old lady "down east," who, when she was hired on to live near a month, one day said to her, "Mr.—, I don't know as you like to live." "O, yes," said she, "I like it very well for fifty-sixty meals, but I don't think I should like it for a steady diet." The parsimonious old lady "served up something else for the next collation."

Creditors never annoy a man while he is getting up in the world. A man of wealth only pays his butcher once a year. Let him look over his bill, and his next bill will come in the morning, as regularly as breakfast and hungry children.

A western editor, speaking of the venerable appearance of a stump orator,